The Education of Otls Years,

T. SHOWING HOW THE GREAT IDEA WAS BORN,

In the pleasant orchard-closes "God bless all our gains," say we; But " May God bless all our losses,"

Better suits with our degree.

This is the history of a Failure; but the woman who failed said that it might be an instructive tale to put into print for the benefit of the younger generation. The younger generation does not want instruction. It is per-fectly willing to instruct if any one will listen to it. None the less, here begins the story where every right-minded story should begin. that is to say at Simla, where all things begin

and many come to an evil end. The mistake was due to a very clever woman naking a blunder and not retrieving it. Men mistake is outside the regular course of na-ture and Providence—since all good people know that a woman is the only infallible thing in this world, except Government paper of the "79 issue, bearing interest at 4% per cent. Yet we have to remember that six consecutive days of rehearsing the star part of "The Fallen Angel" at the New Gaiety Theatre, where the plaster is not yet properly dry, might have brought about an unhingement of spirits

which, again, might have led to eccentricities.

Mrs. Hankebee came to "The Foundry" to
timn with Mrs. Mallows, her one besom friend, for she was in no sense "a woman's woman." And it was a woman's tiffin the door shut to all the world; and they both talked chiffons,

which is Preach for Mysteries.
"I've enjoyed an interval of sanity." Mrs. Hauksbee announced after tiffin was over and the two were comfortably settled in the little writing room that opened out of Mrs. Mailowe's bedroom.
"By dear girl, what has he done?" said Mrs.

Mallows sweetly. It is noticeable that ladies of a certain age call each other "dear girt." inst as commissioners of twenty-eight years' standing address their equals in the Civil List as "my boy." There's no be in the case. Who am I. that

an imaginary man should be always credited tome? Am I an Apacite?"

"No. dear; but somebody's scalp is generally drying at your wigwam door. Soaking

This was an allusion to the Hawley boy who was in the habit of riding all across Simia in the Rains to call on Mrs. Haukabee. That lady

For my my sins, the Aide at Tyrconnel last night told me off to The Mussuck, Hah! Don't laugh. One of my most devoted admirers. When duff came in-some one really ought to teach them to make puddings at Tyrconnel-The Museuck was at liberty to attend to me." 'Sweet soul! I know his appetite," said Mrs. llows. "Did he, oh did he, begin his woo-

Mallowe. "Did he, oh did he, begin his wooing;"

By a special mercy of Providence, no. He
explained his importance as a pillar of the empire. I didn't laugh.

"Lucy, I don't believe you."

"Ask Capt. ranger; he was on the other side.
Well, as I was saying, The Mussuck diated."

"I think I can see him doing it." said Mrs.
Mallowe pensively.scratching her jorrier's cars.

"I was properly impressed. Most properly,
I yawned openly. 'Strict supervision, and
play them off one against the other,' said The
Mussuck, shotelling down his ice by tureenruis I assure you. That. Mrs. Hauksbee, is
the secret of our Government."

Mis. Mallowe laughed long and merrily.

And what did you say?"

"Did you ever know me at loss for an answor yet? I said: 'So I have observed in my
dealings with you,' The Mussuck swelled with
pride. He is coming to call on me to-morrow.

The Hawley Boy is coming, too."

"Strict supporteion and play them off one
against the other. That, Mrs. Hauksbee, is
the secret of our Government.' And I dare
say if we could get to The Mussuck's heart we
should find that he considers himself a man of
the world."

"As he is of the other two things. I like
The Mussuck, and I won't have you call him the world.

"As he is of the other two things. I like The Mussuck, and I won't have you call him names. He amuses me."

"He has reformed you, too, by what appears. Explain the interval of sanity and hit Tim on the nose with the paper cutter, please. That dog is too fond of sugar. Do you take milk in yours?"

thanks. Polly, I'm wearled of this life. Irs bollow."

"Turn religious, then. I always said that Bome would be your fate."

"Only exchanging half a dozen attachés in red for one in black; and if I fasted the wrinties would come and never, never go. Has, it ever struck you, dear, that I in getting old?"

"Thanks for your courteey. I'll return it, Ye-s. we are both not exactly—how shall I went it?" "What we have been. 'I feel it in my bones,'
as Mrs. Crossley says. Polly, I've wasted my
life."

As bow?" Power mind how. I feel it. I want to be a Power then. You've wits enough for anything " and beauty?"

Ars. Hauksbee pointed a teaspoon straight at her heaters. "Foily, if you heap compliments on me like this, I shall cease to believe that you've a woman. Tell me how I am to be a Power."

mor."

niorm The Museuck that he is the most pating and shomest man in Asia. and tell you snything and everything you Be'll toll you anything and everything you blease.

"Bother The Mussuck! I mean an intellectual Power—not a gas power. Polly, I'm going to start a salon."

Mrs. Mallowe turned lazily and rested her bead on her hand. "Hear the words of the freacher, the son of Baruch." she sald.

Will you talk sepsibly?

"I will, dear, for I see that you are going to make a mistake."

I never made a mistake in my life—at least, never one that I couldn't explain away afterward."

"I never made a mistake in my life—at least, never one that I couldn't explain away afterward."

"Going to make a mistake," went on Mra. Mallowe composedly. "It is impossible to state a soon in Simia. A bar would be much more to the point."

"Ferhans, but why? It seems so easy."

"Just what makes it so difficult. How many slever women are there in Simia?"

"Myself and yourself." said Mrs. Hauksbee, without a moment's hesitation.

Modest woman if Mrs. Feardon would thank you for that. And how many clever men?"

"Oh—er—hundreds." said Mrs. Hauksbee waguely.

"Modest woman! Mrs. Feardon would thank you for that, And how many clever men?"
"Oh-er-hundreds," said hirs. Hauksbee vaguely.
"What a fatal blunder! Not one. They are all bespoke by the Government. Take my busband, for instance. Jack was a clever mean though I say so who shouldn't. Government has eaten him up, All his ideas and powers of conversation—he really used to be a good talker even to his wife in the old days—are taken from him by this—this kitchen sink of a Government. That's the case with every man up here who is at work. I don't suppose a knassian convict under the knout is able to amuse he rest of his gang, and all our men tolk here are glided convicts."

"But there are scores—"
"I know what you're going to say, Scores of idle men up on leave. I admit it, but they are all of two objectionable sets. The Civilian, whe'd be delightful if he had the military man's knowledge of the world and style, and the Military man who'd be adorable if he had the Oivilian's culture.

"Detestable word! Have Civilians culchaw? I never studied the bread deeply."

"Don't make fun of Jack's service. Yes. They're like the teapoys in the Lakka Bazar—good material, but not polished. They can't help themselves, poor dears. A Civilian only begins to be tolerable after he has knocked about the world for fifteen years."

"And a military man?"

"When he has had the same amount of service. The young of both species are horrible. You would have scores of them in your salon."

"I would not!" said Mrs. Hauksbee fiercely, "I would tell the bearer to darneau hand them. I'd put their own Colonels and commissioners at the door to turn them away. I'd give them to the Topaham girl to play with."

"The Topaham girl would be grateful for the girt. But to go back to the salon. Allowing that you had gathered all your men and woman together, what would you do with them? Make them talk? They would all with one accord begin to first. Your salon would become a glorified Pelitt's—u Scandal Point' by lamplight."

"There's a lithe wisdom in the worl

here's all the wisdom in the world in it. "There's all the wisdom in the world in it. Burely, twelve Simia seasons ought to have taught you that you can't focus anything in India: and a saton to be any good at all, must be permanent. In two seasons your recomful would be scattered all over asia. We are only little bits of dirt on the hillsides—here one day and blown down the khad the next. We have lost the art of talking—at least our men have. We have no capacity. obasion—Rilot in the flesh," interpolated Mrs. Haukabes wickedly.
"And sollectively, my dear scoffer, we, men and women alike, have no influence Come iste the veranda and look at the Mail."
The two looked down on the now rapidly filling road, for all Simia was abroad to steal a strell between a shower and a feg.
"How do you propose to fix that river? Look!

UNDER THE DEODARDS. There's The Museuck-head of goodness knows what. He is a power in the land, though he does eat like a costermonger. There's Col. Blone, and Gen. Grucher, and Sir Dugald Delane, and Sir Henry Haughton, and Mr. Jellalatty. All heads of departments, and all powerful.

"And all my ferrent admirers," said Mrs.
Hauksbee plously. "Sir Heory Haughton rayes about me. Init go on."
"One by one, these men are worth something." Collectively, they re just a most of initial collectively and initial collectively have last appearance on any stage! I want to of course. I'm three documents and initial collectively have last appearance on any stage! I want to of course. I'm three documents and initial collectively have last appearance on any stage! I want to of course. I'm three documents and initial collectively have last appearance on any stage! This is to give not collectively have an another collect

doing it."
She dashed into the drawing room. Mrs.
Mallowe followed and put an arm round her
waist.
"I'm not!" said Mrs. Haukshee deflantly. rummaging in the bosom of her dress for her handkerchief. "I've been dining out for he last ten nights and rehearsing in the alternoon. You'd be tired yourself. Its only because I'm tired."
hits. Mailowe did not at once overwhelm Mrs. Hauksbee with spoken pity or ask her to lie conversation.
"I've been through that too dear." she said.

"I've been through that too, dear," she said.
"I'remember," said Mrs. Hauksbee, a gleam of fun on her face, "In '84, wasn't it? You went out a great deal less next season."

Mrs. Mallow; smiled in a superior and Sphinx-like fashion.
"I became an influence," said she.
"Good gracious, child you didn't join the Theosophists and kiss Buddha's big toe, did you? I tried to get into their set once, but they cast me out for a skeptie-without a chance of improving my poor little mind, too."
"No, I didn't Theosophisander. Jack says."

No. I didn't Theosophilander. Saca says.

Nover mind Jack. What a husband says is not of the least importance. What did you do?

I made a lasting impression.

So have I—for four months. But that didn't console me in the least. I hated the man. Will you stop smiling in that inscrutable way and tell me what you mean?

Mrs. Mallowe told

"And—you—mean—to—say that it is abso-utely Platonic on both sides?"
"Absolutely, or I should never have taken it "Absolutely, or I should never have taken it ut."
And his last promotion was due to you?"
Mrs. Mallowe houded.
"And you warned him against the Topsham girl?"
Another nod.
"And told him of Sir Dugald Delane's private memo. about him?"
A third nod.
"Why?
"What a question to ask a woman! Because it amused me at first. I'm proud of my properly now. If I live he shall continue to be successful. Yes, I will put him upon the straight road to knighthood and everything else that a man values. The rest depends upon himself."
"Polly, you are a most extraordinary woman." Not up the least. I'm concentrated the ""

man values. The rest depends upon himself."
Polly, you are a most extraordinary woman. Not in the least. I'm concentrated, that's all. You diffuse yourself, dear; and though all Simia knows your skill in managing a team..."
"Can't you choose a prettier word?"
"Team of half a dozen, from the Musauck to the Hawley Boy, you gain nothing by it. Not even amusement."
"And you?"
"Try my recipe. Take a man, not a boy, mind but an almost mature, unattached man, and be his guide, philosopher, and friend. You'll find it the most interesting occupation you ever embarked on. It can be done—you needs took like that—because I've done it."
"Thore's an element of danger about it that makes the notion attractiva. I'll get such a man and say to him: 'Now, there must be no fiirtation. De exactly what I tell you profit by my instruction and counsels, and all will yet be well, as Toole says. Is that the idea?"
"More or less," said Mrs. Mailowe, with an unfathomable smile. "But be sure he understands that there must be no fiirtation."

II. SHOWING WHAT WAS BORN OF THE GREAT IDEA.

Showing what was born of the Great idea.

Dribble-dribble-trickle-what a lot of raw dust!

My dollie's had an accident and out came all the saw dust!

— Naviery Rayme.

So Mrs. Hauksbee, in "The Foundry" which overlooks Simia Mall, sat at the feet of Mrs. Mallowe and gathered wisdom. The end of the conference was the Great Idea upon which Mrs. Hauksbee so plumed herself.

"I warn you" said Aira, Mallowe, beginning to repent of her suggestion. "that the matter is not half so easy as it looks. Any woman—even the Topsham gri—can catch a man, but very, very few know how to manage him when captured."

"My child," was the answer. "I've been a female St. Simeon Stylites looking down upon men for these—these years past. Ask The Mussuck whether I can manage them."

Mrs. Hauksbee departed humming. "Pil go to him and say to him in manner most ironical." Mrs. Mallowe laughed to herself. Then she grew suddenly sober. "I wonder whether I've done well in advising that amusement? Lucy's a clever woman but a thought too mischlevous where a man is concerned."

A week later the two met at a Monday Pop. "Well " said Mrs. Mallowe." "I've caught him!" said Mrs. Hauksbee. Her eyes were dancing with merriment.

"Who is it, you mad woman? I'm sorry I ever spoke to you about it."

Look between the piliars. In the third row fourth from the end. You can see his face now. Look!"

"Otts Yeers! Of all the improbable people! I don't believe you."

"Hah! Wait till Mrs. Tarkness begins murdering Milton Weilings, and I'll tell you all about it. 8-a-ssi. There we are. That woman's voice always reminds me of an underground train coming into Earl's Court with the brakes down. Now listen. It is really 0tis Yeers."

"Bo I see, but it doesn't follow that he is your property."

"Guilata, A piece of nonsense. I've far too

The property of the same and th

As that lairy ruthrully save, a man a newsy of charpy and when he is thight about proper form, the proper state of concept and the save and the save

man, and I was sorry I'd ever met him, and so on. He was cruehed so easily that I couldn't be very angry. Then I came away straight to

"Was this before or after supper?"
"Oh, before—oceans before. Isn't it perfectly "Oh, before—oceans before. Isn't it periodity discosting?"
"Let me think. I withhold judgment till tomorrow. Morning brings counsel."
But morning brought only a servant with a dainty bounnet of Annandale roses for Mrs. Hauksless to wear at the dance at Viceregal Lodge that night.
"He doesn't seem to be very penitent," said Mrs. Mallowe. "What's the billet-doux in the centre?"

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A TEXAS INQUEST.

Formalities and Informalities in the Case of a Man Found on Another's Rorse. From the Globe Democrat.

The news was brought into Dallas one day

that a dead man had been found seven or eight miles out. I was beginning to practise law. The District Attorney was a friend of mine. I was a kind of assistant to him and was around his office a good deal. The report was that a dead man had been found—nothing more. No particulars were furnished. Of course the next thing was an inquest. At that time there were five Justices of the Peace in the county. They also formed the County Court. Individually they had the powers of Court. Individually they had the powers of Coroners and could hold inquests. But one of them usually attended to the inquest business. He happened to be sick this time. The District Attorney had to send out and get one of the other Justices. When this man was found it turned out that he had never held an inquest. The District Attorney said to me. inquest. The District Attorney said to me:
"Bill, you go out with the 'Squire and show

"I didn't—I didn't—I didn't!" said Mrs. Hauksbee angrilv, her eyes filling with tears: "there was no malice at all. Oh it's too vexastions!"

"You've misunderstood the compliment," said Mrs. Mallowe. "He clears you completely and—ahem—I should think by this that he has cleared completely too. My experience of men is that when they begin to quote poetry they are going to fill. Like awans singling before they die, you take my sorrows in a most unfeeling way." I should say that you've done a certain amount of damage to his heart."

Reviewing the matter as an impartial out. I should say that you've done a certain amount of damage to his heart."

Reviewing the matter as an impartial out. Sider, it strikes me that I'm about the only person who has profited by the education of Olis Yeers. It comes to twenty-seven pages and bittook.

FOUR HEADACHE IS UNNECESSARY.

That Is, If It is Due Te Drinking and There's a Druggist Is the Neighborhood.

The hands of the big clock in the dome of the Gilsey House marked upon its face the obtuse angle that stands for 1:30 o'clock as two young men cautiously propelled a third cautward through Thirtieth street. The third young man had announced many times in a tone of tremulous happiness that he was full of joy, and a laugh that suggested the merry tinkle of wine ginsses issued from his throat and made belated travellers smile knowingity.

"S funny," the young man remarked.

"Silwalk hish's a go all'anya." He gays a suid.

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Silwalk hish's a go all'anya." He gays a suid.

Silwalk hish's a go all'anya." He gays a sui him how to do it."

I went. We rode out into the country. The

and went on with his story in the same careful manner.

"The turn in the road is almost an elbow. By gitt.n' across the fields quite lively I can come out on the road quicker than a man on a horse can go round the elbow if he don't go too fast. Well, 'Squire, I made the road right about whar we are. The filly came along with the bell goin' a-tinkle and a-tinkle a-tinkle and a-tinkle a-tink

PIPE SMOKING REVIVED.

MANUFACTURERS SAY THAT M'KINLEY BILL DID IT.

Orent Many Novel Forms Are Coming, and a Grent Many Novel Forms Are Coming on the Market for the Hollday Trade-Descriptions of Some of the New Styles,

One of the most noticeable things in town during the last month has been the steadily increasing popularity of pipe smoking, and the consequent boom in the manufacture of pipes of all kinds. The manufacturers say that this turn of popular taste to an old-fashioned method of solace that was abandoned to a marked extent with the general introduction of good cigars at moderate prices began several months ago. The present boom cama, however, with the McKinley bill.

"The effect of that bill," said Manufacturer Kaldenberg, "was immediate and unmistate.

Kaldenberg, "was immediate and unmistatable. It is another instance of the truth that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. If the bill injured the cigar trade it is a benefit, and a big one, to the great American industry of pipe manufacture. We have the same story from agents all ever the country. Everywhers smokers are going back to the pipe. I mean, of course, they are adopting it for a quiet amoke at home, where they can enjoy a pipe in comfort. It is doubtful if Americans will ever return to the earlier custom of smoking pipes in the street, as the Germans and English and in the street, as the Germans and English and some other nationalities of smokers do. Just some other nationalities of smokers under now manufacturers of pipes are busy preparing the novelties for the holiday trade. Pipes have always been in demand for presents, but this year, thanks to the tariff legislation. there will be a bigger demand than ever."

This frank statement of the condition of the industry was made in a huge wareroom, filled on every hand with glass cases containing pipes of all sorts and sizes and varying dagree of worth and beauty of workmanship.
"The most popular pipe made." continued

"The most popular loipe made," continued the manufacturer, "is the bristwood. Some idea of the favor of this wood is furnished by the fact that we make 1,500 different styles of brier pipe, and find a trade for each one of these styles. These pipes cost from 5 cents to \$25 each, according to design and the amount of work required to complete them. The most of work required to complete them. The most expensive are finished in meerschaum and amber. A brier pipe that finds an enermous sale in the Southern States is the Stonewall Jackson. It has a square bowl carved to represent a rough stone wall. Gov. Dillingham, the youngest State ruler in the Union, is also commemorated by a pipe. It is made

ing around with his one eye, began:

"Oyes!" Oyes!" he said. "does anybody know how this man came by his death?"
At that a man in the crowd steeped out alout ten fact, made skind of abow, and said:

The man habit spoken a word up to that time. If a dint say another word now, but it is stood there, with his pants in his boots and his hands in his pockets, waiting and locking at the following and the hands in his pockets, waiting and locking at the boot and his hands in his pockets, waiting and locking at the man and then looked at the man and the looked at the man and the looked at the man and the looked at the man and then looked at the man and the looked at the man and then looked at the man and the looked at the looked at the man and the looked at the looked looked at the looked looked at the looked looked at the looked looked looked looked at the looked looked looked l stems, for the reason that the working people seem to prefer that to the curved, or odd-ahaped stem. The bowls are carved to represent acorne, roses, thistles, shapprocks, and other things that appeal to national sentiment. An example of this is furnished in what is called the 'blook pipe,' intended expressly for the Swedes and Boandinavians, If a smokey of either of these nationalities were to have his choice of the most elaborate collection of pipes that could be got together he would, if he told the truth, say: "I don't want any of them, I want my old square bow!." And for this reason even the most expensive pipes made for Swedes and Soandinavians are made with a square or block bowlusually carved to represent a section of brick wall. A pipe that had a most extraordinare